Eng: Poetry vol 2d.

The Prospect of Plenty:

A

POEM

ON THE

North-Sea Fishery.

Juſt Publiſhed,

PRopoſals for Printing by Subſcription, the Poetical Works of Mr. *Allan Ramſay* of *Edinburgh*; many of which were never before publiſhed.

I. To be beautifully printed in one Volume in large Quarto, on fine Paper and with a new Letter; with Notes at the bottom of each Page, explaining the *Scotch* Phraſes; and at the End, a compleat Gloſſary of all the *Scotch* Words made uſe of in this Work. A

II. The Price to Subſcribers will be a Guinea, Half of which to be paid down, and the other Half upon the Delivery of a perfect Book in Sheets.

III. The Names of the Subſcribers to be printed before the Work, which the Author propoſes to deliver in *February* next. The Gentlemen who ſhall be pleaſed to encourage this Work, are deſired to be ſpeedy in ſending in their Names, with their firſt Payments to T. JAUNCY, at the Angel without *Temple-Bar*, of whom Propoſals at large may be had *gratis*.

GR. III BR. MUS.

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POEM

ON THE

North-Sea Fishery.

To which is Added,

An EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* Words used in this Poem.

Inscribed to the ROYAL BURROWS of *Scotland.*

By Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

LONDON,

Printed for T. JAUNCY, at the Angel without *Temple-Bar.* 1720.

(Price Sixpence.)

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The Prospect of Plenty:

A

POEM

ON THE

NORTH-SEA.

——Βαιῷ δὲ πόνῳ μέγα κέρδος ὀπηδεῖ.

Oppian. Halieutic. Lib. III.

THALIA anes again in Blythsome Lays;
In Lays immortal chant the NORTH-SEA's Priase.

Tent how the *CALEDONIANS* lang supine,
Begin, mair wise, to open baith their Een.

And, as they ought, t'imploy that Store which Heaven,
In ſic Abundance to their Hands has given.

Sae heedleſs Heir born to a Lairdſhip wide,
That yields mair Plenty than he kens to guide;
Not well acquainted with his ain good Luck,
Lets ilka ſneaking Fellow take a pluck;
Till at the Lang-run, wi' a Heart right ſair,
He ſees the Bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger Glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

NAE Nation in the Warld can parallel
The plenteous Product of this happy Iſle:

But

But Paſt'ral Heights, and ſweet prolifick Plains;
That can at Will command the ſafteſt Strains.
Stand yont; for **Amphitrite* claims our Sang,
Wha round fair †*Thule* drives her finny Thrang,
O'er Shaws of Corral, and the Pearly Sands,
To *SCOTIA*'s ſmootheſt Lochs and Chryſtal Strands.

There keeps the Tyrant Pike his awfu' Court,
Here Trouts and Salmond in clear Channels ſport.
Wae to that Hand, that dares by Day or ‖ Night
Defile the Stream, where ſporting Frys delight.
But *Herrings*, lovely Fiſh, like beſt to play
In rowan Ocean, or the open Bay:

* *Amphitrite*, the Wife of *Neptune*.

† The *Northern* Iſlands of *Scotland* are allow'd by all to be the *Thule* of the Antients.

‖ There are Acts of Parliament, which ſeverely prohibite ſteeping of Lint, or any other Way defiling theſe clear Rivers, where Salmon abound.

In Crouds amazing thro the Waves they ſhine,
Millions on Millions form ilk equal Line:
Nor dares th' imperial *Whale*, unleſs by ſtealth,
Attack their firm united Common-wealth.
But artfu' Nets, and Fiſhers' wylie Skill,
Can bring the ſcaly Nations to their Will.
When theſe retire to Caverns of the Deep,
Or in their oozy Beds thro Winter ſleep,
Then ſhall the tempting Bait, and ſtented String,
Beguile the *Cod*, the *Sea-Cat*, *Tusk*, and *Ling*.
Thus may our FISHERY throu' a' the Year
Be ſtill imploy'd, t' increaſe the publick Gear.

DELYTFOU' Labour, where the Induſtrious gains
Profit ſurmounting ten times a' his Pains.

Nae

Nae Pleaſure like Succeſs; then Lads ſtand be,
Ye'll find it endleſs in the *Northern-Sea.*
O'er lang with empty Brag we have been vain
Of toom Dominion on the plenteous Main,
While others ran away with a' the Gain.
Thus proud * *Iberia* vaunts of ſov'reign Sway
O'er Countries rich, frae Riſe to Set of Day;
She graſps the Shadow, but the Subſtance tines,
While a' the reſt of *Europe* milk her Mines.

BUT dawns the Day ſets *Britain* on her Feet,
Lang look'd for's come at laſt, and welcome be't:
For numerous Fleets ſhall hem *Æbudan* † Rocks,
Commanding Seas, with Routh to raiſe our Stocks.

* *Iberia, Spain.*
† *Æbudan Rocks,* the *Lewis,* and other *Weſtern* Iſlands.

Nor can this be a toom Chimera found,
The Fabrick's bigget on the ſureſt Ground.
Sma is our need to toil on foreign Shores,
When we have baith the *Indies* at our Doors.
Yet, for Diverſion, laden Veſſels may
To far aff Nations cut the liquid Way;
And fraught frae ilka Port what's nice or braw,
While for their Trifles we maintain them a'.
Goths, *Vandals*, *Gauls*, *Heſperians*, and the *Moors*,
Shall a' be treated frae our happy Shores:
The rantin *Germans*, *Ruſſians*, and the *Poles*,
Shall feaſt with Pleaſure on our guſty Sholes:
For which deep in their Treaſures we ſhall dive;
Thus, by fair Trading, *North-Sea* Stock ſhall thrive.

SAE

SAE far the bonny Proſpect gave delight,
The warm Idea's gart the MUSE take Flight:
When ſtrait a *Grumbletonian* appears,
Peghing fou ſair beneath a Lade of Fears;
" Wow that's braw News, *quoth he*, to make
Fools fain,
" But gin ye be nae Warlock, How d'ye ken?
" Dis *Tam* the * *Rhimer* ſpae oughtlins of this?
" Or do ye propheſy juſt as ye wiſh?
" Will Projects thrive in this abandon'd Place?
" Unſonſy we had ne'er ſae meikle Grace.
" I fear, I fear, your towring Aim fa' ſhort,
" Alake we winn o'er far frae King and Court!

* *Thomas Learmond, alias* the Rhimer, liv'd in the Reign of *Alexander* III. King of *Scots*, and is held in great eſteem by the Vulgar, for his dark Predictions.

" The

" The *Southrens* will with Pith your Project bawk;
" They'll never thole this great Deſign to tak."

THUS do the Dubious ever countermine,
With Party wrangle ilka fair Deſign.
How can a Saul that has the Uſe of Thought,
Be to ſic little creeping Fancies brought?
Will *Britain*'s KING or *Parliament* gainſtand
The Univerſal Profit of the Land?
Now when nae ſep'rate Intereſt eags to ſtrife,
The antient Nation's join'd like Man and Wife,
Maun ſtudy cloſs for Peace and Thriving's ſake,
Aff a' the wiſſen'd Leaves of Spite to ſhake:
Let's weave and fiſh to ane anither's Hands,
And never mind wha ſerves or wha commands;

But baith alike conſult the Common Weal,
Happy that Moment Friendſhip makes us leal
To Truth and Right ——Then ſprings a ſhining Day,
Shall Clouds of ſma Miſtakes drive faſt away.
Miſtakes and private Int'reſt hence be gane,
Mind what ye did on dire *Pharſalia*'s * Plain,
Where doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* ſlain.

A MEANER Phantom nieſt, with meikle Dread,
Attacks with ſenſeleſs Fears the weaker Head.
'The *Dutch*, *ſay they*, will ſtrive your Plot to ſtap,
" They'll toom their Banks before you reap their Crap:

* *Pharſalia*'s Plain, where the famous Battel was fought between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*.

" Lang have they ply'd that Trade like bisy Bees,

" And ſuck'd the Profit of the *Pictland* Seas.

" Thence Riches fiſh'd mair by themſells confeſt,

" Than e'er they made by *India's* Eaſt and Weſt."

O MIGHTY fine and greatly was it ſpoke!
Maun bauld *Britannia* bear *Batavia*'s Yoke?
May ſhe not open her ain Pantry-door,

For fear the paughty State ſhou'd gie' a Roar?
Dare ſhe nane of her *Herrings* ſell or prive,

Afore ſhe ſay, *Dear* Holland *wi' ye'r leave*?

Curſe on the Wight wha tholes a Thought ſae tame,
He merits not the manly *Briton*'s Name.

Grant they're good Allies, yet it's hardly wiſe,
To buy their Friendſhip at ſae high a Price.

But

But frae that Airth we needna fear great Skaith,
Theſe People, right auldfaran, will be laith
To thwart a Nation, wha with Eaſe can draw
Up ilka Sluce they have, and drown them a.'

AH ſlothfu Pride! a Kingdom's greateſt Curſe,
How dowf looks Gentry with an empty Purſe?
How worthleſs is a poor and haughty Drone,
Wha thowleſs ſtands a lazy Looker-on?
While active Sauls a ſtagnant Life deſpiſe,
Still raviſh'd with new Pleaſures as they riſe.
O'er lang, in troth, have we By-ſtanders been,
And * *loot Fowk lick the White out of our Een:*

* This Phraſe is always applied when People, with pretence of Friendſhip, do you an ill turn, as one licking a Mote out of your Eye makes it Blood-ſhot.

Nor can we wyt them, ſince they had our Vote;
But now they'ſe get the Wiſtle of their Groat.

HERE did the MUSE intend a while to reſt,
Till hame o'er ſpitefou Din her Lungs oppreſt;
Anither Sett of the envyfou Kind
(With narrow Notions horridly confin'd)
Wag their boſs Noddles; ſyn with ſilly Spite
Land ilka worthy Project in a Bite.
They force with aukward Girn their Ridicule,
And ca' ilk ane concern'd a ſimple Fool,
Excepting ſome, wha a' the lave will nick,
And gie them nought but bare Whop-ſhafts to lick.

MA-

MALICIOUS Envy! Root of a' Debates,
The Plague of Government and Bane of States;
The Nurſe of poſitive deſtructive Strife,
Fair Friendſhip's Fae, which ſowrs the Sweets of Life;
Promoter of Sedition and baſe Fead,
Still overjoy'd to ſee a Nation bleed.
Stap, ſtap, my *LASS, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
If ye rin on, Heav'n kens where ye may land;
Turn to your *Fiſhers Sang*, and let Fowk ken
The † NORTH-SEA Skippers are leal-hearted Men,
Vers'd in the critick Seaſons of the Year,
When to ilk Bay the Fiſhing-Buſh ſhou'd ſteer;

* *Laſs*, the Muſe.
† *North-Sea Skippers*, the Managers.

There

There to hawl up with Joy the plenteous Fry,
Which on the Decks in ſhining Heaps ſhall ly;
Till carefou Hands, even while they've * vital Heat,
Shall be imploy'd to ſave their Juices ſweet:
Strick Tent they'll tak to ſtow them wi' † ſtrang Brine,
In Barrels tight, that ſhall nae Liquor tine;
Then in the foreign Markets we ſhall ſtand
With upright Front, and ‖ the firſt Sale demand.
This, this our faithfou TRUSTEES have in view,
And honourably will the Task purſue:

* 'Tis a vaſt Advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.

† *Strang Brine*, foreign ſtrong Salt.

‖ *The firſt Sale demand*; being upon the ſpot, we can be firſt at the Fiſhing, and firſt in the Market.

Nor

Nor are they bigging Caſtles in a Cloud,
Their Ships already into Action ſcud.**

NOW, dear ill-natur'd Billies, ſay nae mair,
But leave the Matter to their prudent Care;
They're Men of Candor, and right well they wate
That Truth and Honeſty hads lang the Gate:
Shouder to ſhouder let's ſtand firm and ſtout,
And there's nae fear but we'll ſoon make it out;
We've Reaſon, Law, and Nature on our ſide,
And have nae Bars, but Party, Slowth, and Pride.

** Several large Ships are already imploy'd, and took in their Salt and Barrels a Month ago.

WHEN

WHEN a's in order, as it ſoon will be,
And Fleets of Buſhes fill the NORTHREN-SEA,
What hopefou' Images with Joy ariſe,
In order rang'd before the Muſe's Eyes?
A Wood of Maſts,—— well mann'd,—— their jovial Din,
Like eydent Bees gawn out and coming in.
Here haff a Nation, healthfou, wiſe, and ſtark,
With Spirits only tint for want of Wark,
Shall now find Place their Genius to exert,
While in the Common Good they act their Part.
Theſe, fit for Servitude, ſhall bear a Hand,
And theſe find Government form'd for Command.
Beſides, this as a Nurſery ſhall breed
Stout ſkill'd Marines, when *Britain*'s Navies need.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with their Labour, when their Task is done,
They'll leave green *Thetis* to embrace the Sun:
Then freſheſt Fiſh ſhall on the Brander bleez,
And lend the biſy Browſter-Wife a Heez:
While healthfou Hearts ſhall own their honeſt Flame,
With reaming Quaff, and whomelt to her Name,
Whaſe active Motion to his Heart did reach,
As ſhe the *Cods* was turning on * the Beech.
Curs'd Poortith, *Love* and *Hymen*'s deadly Fae,
(That gars young Fouk in Prime cry aft, *Oh hey*,
And ſingle live, till Age and Runkles ſhaw
Their canker'd Spirit's good for nought at a';)
Now flit your Camp, far frae our Confines ſcour,
Our Lads and Laſſes ſoon ſhall ſlight your Power;

* *The Beech* is a number of big Stones, where they dry the *Cod* and *Ling*.

For Routh ſhall cheriſh Love, and Love ſhall bring
Mae Men t'improve the Soil and ſerve the King.
Thus univerſal Plenty ſhall produce
Strength to the State, and Arts for Joy and Uſe.

O PLENTY, thou Delyt of great and ſma,
Thou nervous Sinnon of baith War and Law:
The Stateſman's Drift, Spur to the Artiſt's Skill,
Nor does the very * *Flamens* like thee ill;
The ſhabby Poet hate thee! That's a Lye,
Or elſe they are nae of a mind wi' me.

PLENTY ſhall cultivate ilk Scawp and Moor,
Now Lee and bair, becauſe the Landlord's poor.

* *Flamens*, Prieſts.

On

On ſcroggy Braes ſhall Aiks and Aſhes grow,
And bonny Gardens clead the Brecken How.
Does others backward dam the raging * Main,
Raiſing on barren Sands a flowry Plain?
By us then ſhou'd the Thought o't be endur'd,
To let braid Tracts of Land ly unmanur'd?
Uncultivate nae mair they ſhall appear,
But ſhine with a' the Beauties of the Year;
Which ſtart with Eaſe frae the obedient Soil,
And ten times o'er reward a little Toil.

ALANG wild Shores, where tumbling Billows break,
Pleniſht with nought but Shells and Tangle Wreck,

* The *Dutch* have gain'd a great deal from the Sea.

Braw Towns ſhall riſe, with Steeples mony a ane,
And Houſes bigget a' with Eſtler Stane:
Where Schools polite ſhall lib'ral Arts diſplay,
And make auld barb'rous Darkneſs fly away.

NOW *Nereus* riſing frae his watry Bed,
The Pearly Drops hap down his lyart Head;
Oceanus with Pleaſure hears him ſing,
Tritons and *Nereids* form a jovial Ring;
And dancing on the Deep, Attention draw,
While a' the Winds in Love, but ſighing, blaw.
The Sea-born Prophet ſang in ſweeteſt Strain,
" *Britons* be blyth, fair QUEEN of Iſles be fain;
" A richer People never ſaw the Sun,
" Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun;

" Spread

" Spread a' your Sails and Streamers in the
Wind,
" For ilka Power in Sea and Air's your Friend;
" Great *Neptune*'s unexhauſted Bank has Store
" Of endleſs Wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er."
He ſang ſae loud, round Rocks the Echoes flew,
Tis true, he ſaid; they a' return'd, *'Tis True.*

FINIS.

An Explanation of the *Scots* Words uſed in this POEM.

Scots.	*Engliſh.*
A.	
A'	*All.*
Ain	*Own.*
Aff	*Off.*
Aiks	*Oaks.*
Anes	*Once.*
Anither	*Another.*
Aulfaran	*Prudent.*
Awfou	*Awful.*
B.	
Baith	*Both.*
Bauld	*Bold.*
Bawk	*Baulk.*
Bein	*Rich.*
Bigget	*Built.*
Blaw	*Blow.*
Bleez	*Blaze.*
Blythſome	*Joyful.*
Bonny	*Beautiful.*
Boſs	*Empty.*
Braes	*Little Hills.*
Braid	*Broad.*
Brag	*Boaſt.*
Brandon	*Gridiron.*
Braw	*Brave.*
Browſter	*Brewer.*
C.	
Ca'	*Call.*
Canker'd	*Ill-natur'd.*
D.	
Dis	*Does.*
Doughty	*Valiant.*
Dowf	*Silly and Sad.*
E.	
Eags	*Prompts.*
Een	*Eyes.*
Eſtler	*Hewn Stone.*
Eydent	*Laborious.*
F.	
Fa	*Fall.*
Fae	*Foe.*
Fain	*Glad.*
Fead	*Feud.*
Flit	*Remove.*
Forgetna	*Forget not.*
Fou	*Full.*
Fowk	*Folk.*
Frae	*From.*
G.	
Gleger	*Sharper.*

Scots.	English.
Gane	Gone.
Gang	Go.
Gart	Forced.
Gate	Road.
Gawn	Going.
Gear	Riches.
Gie	Give.
Gin	If.
Glowr	Stare.
H.	
Hads	Holds.
Haff	Half.
Hame	Home.
Heez	Lift.
How	Low Ground.
I.	
Ilk	Each.
Ilka	Every.
K.	
Ken	Know.
L.	
Lath	Loth.
Lang	Long.
Lang-run	At the last.
Lave	The rest.
Leal	Faithful.
Lee	Unmanur'd
Lochs	Lakes.
Lot	Have let.
Luck	Fortune.
Lugs	Ears.
Lyart	Hoary.
M.	
Mae	More.
Mair	More.
Maun	Muſt.
Mickle	Much.
Mind	Remember.
Moor	Heath.

Scots.	English.
N.	
Nae	No.
Nane	None.
Needna	Need not.
Nick	Cheat.
Noddles	Heads.
O	
O'er	Too.
Oughtlins	Any thing, or the leaſt part.
P.	
Pantry	Cupboard.
Paughty	Haughty.
Peching	Panting.
Pith	Strength.
Poortith	Poverty.
Prive	Taſt.
Q.	
Quaff	Cup.
R.	
Rantin	Jovial.
Rin	Run.
Rowan	Rolling.
Rowth	Plenty.
Runkles	Wrinkles.
S.	
Sae	So.
Saft	Soft.
Sair	Sore.
Sang	Song.
Saul	Soul.
Scawp	Bare Ground.
Scroggy	Bramble.
Scud	Fly or ſwim.
Shaws	Little Woods.

Scots.	English.
Shaws	Shows.
Shouder	Shoulder.
Sic	Such.
Skaith	Loss.
Sma	Small.
Spae	Predict.
Stand yont	Stand aside.
Stap	Stop.
Stark	Strong.
Strang	Strong.
Syn	Then.

T.

Tent	Observe, or Notice.
They'se	They shall.
Thole	Suffer.
Thowles	Unactive.
Thrang	Throng.
Thwart	Oppose.
Tines	Losses.
Tint	Lost.
Toom	Empty.

Scots.	English.

U.

Unsonsy.	Unhappy.

W.

Wae	Woe.
Wag	Shake.
Wark	Work.
Warlock	Wizard.
Warld	World.
Wate	Know.
Wha	Who.
Whomelt	Turn'd up side down.
Winn	Reside.
Wissen'd	Wither'd.
Wistle	Change.
Wylie	Cunning.
Wyt	Blame.
Wow	An Interjection of Wonder and Derision.
Whopshafts.	Whip-Staves.